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LYRIC
AND OTHER
POEMS,

BY
LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; AND
W. SHEPPARD, BRISTOL.

1808.

Bristol : Printed at the Mirror-Office,
By C. A. HOLL.

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PREFACE.

THE generous shelter that has been afforded to the first stray offspring of my Muse, encourages me to hope, that the same hospitable kindness will extend to a second collection of similar trifles, howsoever inferior may be deemed their rank in the scale of poetical merit.

Praise is the object, and the just object, of every writer's ambition ; I certainly am not indifferent to it : judicious and uncorrupted praise, is the highest distinction of cultivated intellect, of cultivated huma-

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nity. To contend for a reward that beckons us forward, in spite of danger and despair, in the race of virtue and of glory, is to be accounted honorable, whatever may be the fate of the struggle. In part, success is ensured to the literary candidate who exercises the happy power of awakening agreeable sensations; this constitutes the charm not less of the more lofty, than the lower excellencies of composition. How far I may be initiated in this most indispensable art—it is not for me to determine; but I will hope that if my language is appropriate, my thoughts consonant to that truth of imagery which should be its immutable characteristic and distinction—if my representations, arising from familiar appearances, are faithful to nature—I shall not utterly fail of exciting some interest in the breast of my

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readers ; for they will behold in my sketches, however hasty and slight, a resemblance to themselves, the picture of an old acquaintance, a relation—and when they converse with their author, they will converse with a friend. Gratifying indeed to my pride would be this conscious effect of the appeal to sympathy and taste :—but, as on a former occasion, so on the present, I must acknowledge that I chiefly propose in writing to relieve my own mind. My most solicitous wish is to preserve the record of events and feelings which, with all our care of guarding them, will too often elude our most interested grasp.

To retrace the vanished forms of past existence—to retain the impression of those which yet compose the

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essence and enchantment of the present being, is surely the dearest and most affecting of our pensive pleasures ; nor can there be imagined one so sacred to sensibility, as that which feeds the melancholy luxury of the Muse, when she seeks with tender care to bind up and collect the scattered flowers of Memory—to revive the faded, and re-animate the dead—to place beyond the injury of Time, and to command a partial immortality. A fragment however broken—a dubious hint—an almost imperceptible touch—may serve to point out the objects of former happiness. Dull indeed must be the eye that dwells with indifference on the scenes of early attachment—that beholds, even in fancy, the spot where hope and expectation first put forth their vernal blossoms—where once dwelt excellence, affection, and instruction—

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where virtue lifted up the hand and heart ere the wing of devotion could yet ascend : *dull indeed must be the eye* that can behold these memorials, and behold them without emotion. The following pages contain to me these memorials,—they are then to *me* a precious property, for they will give me back my joys without tumult, and my griefs without poignancy. Let not philosophy condemn their humble designation ; admonition never comes with such pathetic cogency as when it tells us of our losses—what we have fatally missed by foolishly neglecting fleeting opportunity : retrospection is beneficial—and no moral lesson is perhaps more useful than that which teaches best the evanescent nature of all we ever did, or ever can possess.

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Of the prejudice that prevails against various literary, but most particularly against poetical pursuits, I cannot but be sensibly aware. I am not so Quixotical as to combat such a prejudice : small as may be my experience, it is sufficient to convince me that it is alike impregnable to reason, sentiment, and feeling. Little fortitude is required to endure with placidity the errors of the ignorant, the contempt of the vulgar, the laugh of the frivolous, and the invective of the superficial—*their* misrepresentations may not disturb us—but when the reputed wise and learned join in hostility, the Muses must droop *indeed* their wing.

Poetry is said to be a dangerous, seductive, and an idle inclination ; the example of many of the most

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illustrious characters may be adduced to contradict the assertion ; and we have been assured on *high* authority that moral eloquence is never so impressive as when inspired by the energies of the Muse : her charms, though dressed by imagination, are the charms of nature, and though nature be their mother and their mistress, their extraction is divine. Poetry is the breath, the finer spirit, the unfading bloom, of every thing most lovely—it is the sublime of passion, the deathless form of virtue—it is universal love—eternal youth—it is the golden chain that unites Heaven and Earth—the mortal and the immortal—it is the elegance of science, and the beauty of knowledge. All the magnificence of nature 's brought before the poet's eye—he holds the key of all her treasures, and unlocks and disposes of them at his

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pleasure—his voice commands the soul-stirring elements of all the passions; and at his touch the obedient Seasons roll through all their changes, and in every change, delight. Life will languish in the hands of the idle; it will languish at times in the hands of the busy—and whoever has experienced this truth, has felt a secret disposition to bless the means that may have enabled him to give interest to inanity, and variety to repose. Poetry, sweetly sovereign over all the lesser ills of our present condition, affords alike relief to the weary and the vacant—inexhaustible amusement without intemperance—and perpetual dissipation without vice.

I find that a sentiment unguardedly expressed in the brief preliminary address to my first juvenile essay

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has exposed its *inferred* meaning to much animadversion. The discovery is extremely painful to me, for against such misconception it is impossible at all times to defend myself—I will however hope, in the instance now alluded to, that the more attentive reader (if any thing so trifling may be supposed worthy of engaging attention) will perceive that no other idea is conveyed in the censured passage than that Judgment and Fancy require DIFFERENT treatment. Judgment—the noblest, but the slowest of our faculties, derives its supreme excellence from rigorous correction—but the constitution of Fancy, more delicate and fragile, would inevitably sink under the same austerity of discipline. Symmetry depends indeed on rule—but proportion is not always beauty. The beauty of Fancy is often irregular; so is Nature in her woods and

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wilds. Her magic graces are seldom improved by the levelling of system, and the shears of authority. From seeds scattered by the winds of accident, the finest flowers of human taste have sprung up; to them the genial ray of knowledge has been denied, and every other ray but that supplied by the sun of Nature, which gives strength and stateliness to the oak of the forest, and loveliness and perfume to the myrtle and the rose that are sheltered beneath its wide-spreading branches.

I have paid attention to the remarks that have been made on my earlier compositions—the faults that have been pointed out, I have endeavoured in the present work to correct. My skill has, I fear, but ill seconded my assiduity; but failure of success in this under-

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taking shall not be suffered to prevent my attempting better things. Egotism is an error that I cannot always promise to avoid ; but monotony, which is a more remediable offence, I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to atone for in the selection of the following poems ; and by studiously rejecting subjects that appeared too uniform and local, I flatter myself that my work may be rendered less liable to the reproach that is generally incurred by the exhibition of individual feeling—to obviate which entirely, the avowed motive of my pages will not permit. Criticism will find much to condemn in them, for I boast of no intelligence with those whose labour is ease, whose simplicity is refinement, and whose nature is art—but I will hope to find candour and criticism together. Whoever opens this little volume, will I

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trust open it with that benignant willingness to be-
pleased, without which no one can receive pleasure.

L. S. TEMPLE.

CLIFTON, *January*, 1808.

ODE TO THE MORNING BREEZE.



Breeze of Morn ! whose waking sigh
Steals along the eastern sky,
Breeze of Morn ! whose pinion light
Flies to hail yon vision bright,
Which o'er the welkin darts a ray
That turns the blushing dawn to day,
Give to me thy wings of speed,
And I for thee will tune the reed,
Will swear thou art the sweetest gale
That roams the hill or skims the vale.

Let me range the fields of air,
And view the wonders planted there ;
Let me with the wild bee go
Where sweets are born, where roses blow,
And sip with her the honied store,
And pay my visits o'er, and o'er.—
Let me seek the briny deep,
And on its waves my station keep ;
Marking how the billows blue
To distant lands their course pursue ;
Or view the white and foamy spray
Glitt'ring in the summer ray.
Let me scan, with curious eye,
The beauties of earth, sea, and sky :
Give, O Breeze ! thy wings of speed
And I for thee will tune the reed,

Will swear thou art the sweetest gale
That roams the hill or skims the vale—
Let—oh ! let my spirit be
Light and unconfin'd, as thee.

THE RUINED ORPHAN.

The Wizard of Winter is rous'd from his sleep,
In anger he comes o'er the waves of the Deep,
In anger he comes—but *I* heed not his roar,
For the Wizard of Winter can vex me no more.—
The sea-fowl retires to her desolate home,
His fury has warn'd her no longer to roam ;
But *I* may the frown of his vengeance defy,
For it never can wither *my* blossoms of joy.

Lo ! he comes to the bed of the fragrant flow'r,
And roots up the beautiful child of an hour !
Now wildly he rides through the regions of air,
Destroying whatever is goodly and fair ;
But harmless to *me* is the blast of his wing,
The bolts of his wrath he is welcome to fling ;
For my callous bosom he never can bruise,
And I have no soul-valued treasures to lose.

'Tis the morning of Summer that wakes me to pain,
'Tis the soft song of pleasure that maddens my brain ;
For Summer may come in the pride of its bloom,
May give to the woodlands their wonted perfume,
And the vallies may echo with songs of delight,
And unmark'd the moments pursue their gay flight,
Yet Summer to me shall no image present
But the image of bliss that was long ago spent.

For often has Nature her vestment renew'd,
And often the South-wind its wild-flight pursu'd ;
Since that moment arriv'd which was big with my fate,
Which condemn'd me to wander, to mourn, and to hate,
That moment when villainy doom'd me to shame,
And from purity's register struck out my name ;
That moment when falsehood withdrew from my sight,
And my soul plung'd aghast mid the darkness of night.

The storm has blown o'er, but its traces are left,
Like a wave-shatter'd vessel my bosom is reft ;
As the roe from the hunter, I fly from mankind,
Or the shrunk leaf of autumn, when chas'd by the wind.
For the world is my foe—its cold glance of disdain
Would scowl on my grief, and would scoff at my pain ;
Fair maidens would turn from this eye of despair,
As tho' the foul fiend of infection dwelt there.

Yet *once* there were eyes that would smile upon mine,
But the Angel of Death has forbade them to shine ;
There were lips that could chase from my bosom its woe,
And the purest of kisses were wont to bestow :
There were arms to whose shelter I fled when oppress,
That were always my home, and my haven of rest ;—
But quickly from joy's narrow door I was thrust—
—The best, and the loveliest now moulders in dust.

Yet blest to escape the dark whirlwind's rough swell
Would have rent thy proud soul when my innocence fell,
Yes, blest to the earth's darkling womb to return,
Ere thy cheek had been taught by my follies to burn.
Ere the whispers of rumour had poison'd thine ear
With the tale of my ruin, the source of my tear ;
Ere the glare of conviction had taught thee to prove
That the foe of thy peace, was the child of thy love.

O ! scenes of my childhood, I view ye once more !
My fancy retires from this wave-beaten shore ;
My fancy retraces that lovely abode
Where the steps of my youth and my innocence trod.
O ! scenes of my childhood ! I fly to your arms,
And gaze with a lover's fond eye on your charms ;
For still your wild graces shall comfort bestow,
And snatch for an instant my spirit from woe.

Ye vallies of beauty ! ye summits of green !
To *your* lovely Eden no spoiler has been ;
And summer shall ever your graces renew,
Your woods of rich verdure, your skies of fair blue.
My summer has vanish'd—no more to return—
In sadness and Winter, I ever shall mourn ;
For nought can the lustre of Virtue restore,
When cropp'd are *her* blossoms they flourish no more.

'Tis true I might shorten this night of despair,
“ With the wings of a dove ” I might fly from my care,
It is but to close the dark curtain of life,
To drown in oblivion its turmoil and strife ;
Since no tear of pity for me would be shed,
Forgotten by all I should sleep with the dead ;
No sorrowing parent would hang o'er my grave
Where the tall-bearded thistle should mournfully wave.

But no ! I will bow to the rigors of fate,
For peace yet awaits me, nor distant the date—
Repentance is mine, and behold from on high,
Faith beckons my fluttering soul to the sky,
She tells me to call on the God of my youth,
She bids me to trust in his mercy and truth,
And whi-pers these words are recorded in Heav'n,
“ Poor Wand'rer look up, for thy sins are forgiv'n.”

*AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP,**Supposed to be found in the Cell of a Prisoner.*

Thou friend of woe—to thee I turn !
Take, take me to thy downy breast !
And bid these temples cease to burn—
Give to my soul the balm of rest !

Ah ! no !—thou scorn'st my suppliant pray'r.
To calmer souls, to brighter eyes,
To lids where peace delights to dwell,
To hearts whose pulses ne'er have own'd
The leaden palsy of despair,
The dreamy charm of Slumber flies ;
They feel its soft luxurious spell,
And rove in fancy's paradise.

But *I* whose spirit long hath bow'd
Under the iron yoke of care,
I—on whose bosom hourly croud
Sorrows, and wants too great to bear,
Whose proud heart long hath inly groan'd
Eeneath the lash of tyranny,
I seek in vain the laughing beams,
The living fires, the golden gleams,
That burst from fancy's frolic eye.

Yet—should I *wish* to catch its ray,
And feel a *momentary* day ?
Should I delight to wildly rove
Through former scenes of peace and love ?
To soar at will on freedom's wing,
And feel no more misfortune's sting ?

Then—starting with a deep-drawn sigh
Waken *again* to all my misery?—
No, no!—if Slumber come, O! let him bring
Dews of Lethe on his wing,
So, when these heavy eyelids close,
And nature tastes a glad repose,
When mem'ry bids a short farewell
To the dark confines of my cell,
And, on this outstretch'd form, so shrunk and pale,
Blows through my grate the cold and midnight gale,
No more shall dawn upon my mental eye,
The dear regretted smile of thee fair Liberty.

*THE SCATTERING OF THE ROSE.***A Persian Tale.*

Ye Persian youths, who warmly sigh
At glance of Beauty's rolling eye ;
Ye Persian youths, who love the vine,
Who quaff the blood of gen'rous wine ;
O ! listen while your poet's lays
Relate the bliss of golden days !
O ! listen while his numbers sing
The scattering of the Rose of Spring.

* An Eastern custom (noticed by Mr. Franklin, in his Persian Tour, under the name of Gul reazee,) of gathering the first Rose of Spring, and strewing its leaves in the apartments.

'Twas in that month when od'rous flow'rs,
First ope' their eyes in Persian bow'rs,
When stately pines their green heads rear,
And welcome in the crimson year ;
'Twas then I hasten'd to the plain,
And join'd the young and festive train,
That gather'd round to gaily sing
The scattering of the Rose of Spring.

There Beauty reign'd—her wiles were seen
In many a soft voluptuous mien ;
The vermeil cheek, the eye of fire,
The sunny smile awoke desire ;
There crisped ringlets wav'd to deck
The snow of many a well-turn'd neck,—
For choicest maidens came to sing
The scattering of the Rose of Spring.

Fair were their forms, but one more bright
Than *all* the rest that met my sight—
Before mine eyes she graceful stole
In virgin modesty of soul.
I gaz'd!—she droop'd her bashful head,
Whilst Orient blushes glanc'd and fled :
For pure was She who came to sing
The scattering of the Rose of Spring.

I led my charmer from the throng,
And passion dwelt upon my tongue ;
She heard me—and her od'rous sigh
Breath'd forth a faint, but kind reply—
I *won* the maid of polish'd brow !
To her I pledg'd my tend'rest vow,
And bless'd the hour I went to sing
The scattering of the Rose of Spring.

*A WAR ODE,**For the Close of the Year 1806.*

“ Ha ! who art Thou with eyes of flame,
That com’st to chase my dream of night ?
Tell me thy dread mysterious name !
My pulses leap with strange affright”——

The North-gale flapp’d his pennons strong,
And bore my falt’ring words along.
But O ! my spirit’s dark dismay,
When *thus* a fiendish voice was heard to say,—

“ Rise ! Dæmons of the whirlwind rise !

“ Destruction summons ye away ;

“ Open wide your dragon eyes,
“ And all my works with joy survey !
“ When the smile of peace departed,
“ And Defiance hurl'd her lance,
“ From my wizard couch I started,
“ And espous'd the cause of France.
“ Lo ! I rais'd my arm of might,
“ And kingdoms fell beneath the blow ;
“ The youthful and the aged bled,
“ On their limbs the vulture fed ;
“ And the startled ear of night
“ Rang with the widow's frantic shriek of woe.

“ Haste with me to Jena's plain,
“ Where grimly sleep the welt'ring slain ;
“ Where the raven, hoarsely screaming,
“ O'er the scene of carnage flies,

-
- “ And the cold moon, wanly gleaming,
“ Sheds her light on dying eyes.
“ Haste with me to Lubec's walls
“ Reeking yet with human gore ;
“ View her courts, and view her halls,
“ Rapine's crimson'd paths explore.
“ When the ruin red descended
“ Turrets totter'd, banners fell ;
“ Shouts with hollow death-groans blended,
“ Whilst I shook the scourge of Hell.
“ When the routed armies flew,
“ And to her for shelter came,
“ Lo ! I mark'd the fainting crew,
“ And girded on my sword of flame.
“ Then, my deadly harvest reaping,
“ Heroes bold I sent to rest :

“ Then the infant, calmly sleeping,
“ Perish’d on its mother’s breast,
“ Who rais’d her meek imploring eyes,
“ And fell to earth—a bloody sacrifice—

“ Rise ! Dæmons of the whirlwind, rise !
“ To Jena’s field away—away !
“ Gallia conquers—Prussia dies !
“ My well-belov’d has won the day !”

The Fiend-hag her huge wing now broadly outspread,
I shudd’ring look’d up, but the vision had fled :
I listen’d, sore panting with anguish and fear,
But nought save the rough blast of night could I hear.

Yet still my soul the words retain’d,
Yet still mine eyes with horror strain’d

My heart entranc'd, yet weeps with keenest ruth,
And owns those wizard words the words of truth.

THE OATH.

Receive, lovely Nature ! the vows of thy child !
Who flies from the throng to thy home on the wild—
O ! smile on the truant ! whose sorrowful heart
(No longer a dupe to the falsehoods of art)
Now swears, whatsoever its fortune may be,
That no impulse shall tempt it to wander from thee.

O ! early companion ! sweet charm of my life !
Hide, hide me from pomp, and ambition's mad strife—
Far—far from their din let me ramble at will
Thro' the thick-tangled grove, o'er the heath-purpled
 hill,
And I swear, whatsoever my fortune may be,
That no impulse shall tempt me to wander from thee

Thy steps will I trace to the green-bosom'd vale,
Where wood-roses flirt with the amorous gale ;
The page of thy charms will I fondly adore
In each murmuring sea-wave that breaks on the shore ;
For I swear, whatsoever my fortune may be,
That no impulse shall tempt me to wander from thee.

Oft, oft will I greet thee when no one is nigh
With a warm-gushing tear, and a heart-felt sigh ;
Oft, oft shall my wild-harp its rude music pour,
To tell thee that folly can charm me no more,
And to swear, whatsoever my fortune may be,
That no impulse shall tempt me to wander from thee.

THE THEFTS OF TIME.

I mark'd a form, I mark'd an eye
That fill'd my soul with sadness,
My heart within me seem'd to die,
Fled was the pulse of gladness :
—His face was old, and sour, and cold,
His locks were few and hoary,
His stern and blasting glances told
Full many a murd'rous story.

'Twas Time that scowl'd, 'twas Time that past—
I knew the pale unsparing king :
Amid the pauses of the blast,
I heard the rustling of his wing ;

I gaz'd upon that loaded pinion,
Ah, me !—what thefts my soul espied !
There floated Beauty's rich dominion,
There lay the hopes of youth, and pride.
—Deeds I read, of unknown dead
Who shone the meteors of their day ;
Trophies I view'd of chiefs who bled
For states long moulder'd to decay.
Wreaths of triumph glitter'd there,
'That bards of old were wont to wear ;
On each was stamp'd some mighty name
No longer own'd by vaunting Fame.
—Whilst I gaz'd —forgotten Lyres
Rous'd again their sleeping wires—
Strains I heard whose descant clear,
Perchance had sooth'd some monarch's ear

They spoke of glories past and o'er,
Of maids who charm'd in days of yore ;
Of taste and worth for ever fled,
Of pow'r that erst had rais'd its head,
Of hearts that long had ceas'd to know
The thrill of bliss, the smart of woe.—
Tears adown my cold cheeks ran,
I felt how futile were the boasts of Man.

O ! how the heav'n of Love's fair spring
Lay wither'd on that dusky wing !
Burning vows were scatter'd there
Once breath'd to fond believing fair—
Was *this* the fate of sweet confiding truth ?
Was *this* the fate of glory, genius, youth ?

My heart grew sick—I turn'd aside—
When lo ! the mournful vision fled,
And with it went those dreams of pride,
'That once o'er me their gaudy sunshine spread.

THE PENITENT WIFE.

O ! Husband, husband ! wake from sleep—
For at thy gate a wand'rer stands ;
Then leave her not to wail and weep,
She asks for mercy at thy hands—

Ah ! treat me not with stern disdain—
For all my flaunting pride is o'er ;
And all that grac'd my beauty's reign,
On this pale cheek resides no more.

I boast not now the looks of light
That once so pleas'd thy partial eye ;
I boast not now the tinctures bright
That woke thy boyhood's artless sigh.

All—all are gone—the cloudless mien—
The rose of health—the polish'd brow :—
Remember what this form has been,—
And view me now—O ! view me *now*.

—Nay do not start—and turn aside—
Ha !—dost thou weep—my love !—my life ?
Yes—yes,—those tears you cannot hide—
You pity still your guilty wife.—

Let me then meet thy glance once more,
And on thy neck one instant lie ;
There will I all my shame deplore,
Ask for a parting kiss, and—die.

LINES

Written on hearing of the Loss of the Abergavenny Fast-Indiaman, wrecked off Portland, in January, 1805.

“ They have but fallen before us—for *one* day *we* must fall. —Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to day—yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty courts, and whistles round thy half worn shield.” —

OSSIAN.

Thou know'st, my GOD, with what a sadden'd heart
I heard the dreadful tale—witness the thoughts
That harrow'd up my soul, and bade it pause
To view the awful judgments of thy hand,
When wafted from the deep the tidings came.—
And O! for those, whose horror-stricken ears
Drank in some worshipp'd name decreed by fate
To swell the list of death—whose frenzied eyes,

Wishing to doubt, yet forc'd to yield belief,
Gaz'd on the page that doom'd each hope to die.—
Methinks I hear the uproar of the waves !
The war of winds !—Hark ! to that yelling gust
Which sweeps the Main ! and view yon frowning sky
Gend'ring the death-fraught storm !—e'en now 'tis
ripe—

See ! how it rages in the lightning's glance—
In ev'ry flash—now on the mountain wave,
Magnificently wild—onward it rides
Intent on ill—and spreading wide its wing,—
Its sable wing—quenches the glorious fires
Of intellect and valour—blasts the flush
Of expectation—crushes ev'ry hope
That warmly nestled in the breast of love,
For fancy whispers that some gallant youth,

Forbade by fortune's frown to taste of joy,
Or with the noon of beauty's fav'ring smile
To bless his bloom of years—breath'd the deep pray'r,
Sigh'd out the last adieu, then sorrowing went
To seek the eastern world, and gain by toil
The myrtle wreath of love.—Ah ! hapless youth !
Never, no *never* shall its fragrant buds
Blush on thy manly brow ;—the day has ris'n
Whose night will see thee low. Farewell to hope !
Farewell to earthly bliss !—in other realms
Look for thy charmer's smile ; on brighter shores
Seek for a wreath of joy ; a fadeless wreath
That time can never tarnish, or rude fate
Snatch from thy eager grasp.—Remorseless Winds !
Ye wild, insatiate waves ! how rich your prey
If fancy lies not, if her gloomy hand

Sketches the forms of truth.—*Would* that she lied !
For nature shudders, and the eye of thought
Weeps at her tale—but if her tints be true,
If love's warm wish, and wildly throbbing pulse
Sleep in the greedy deep—Oh ! then my God !
Comfort the widow'd heart,—and let thy hand
Wipe from th' uplifted eye the orphan's tear.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

She taught my infant tongue the prayer
That feebly lisp'd a Maker's praise,
When stor'd with health, shone fresh and fair
My childish days.

She bade me worship truth's fair page,
And in the walks of truth I trod ;
She bade my soul in youth and age,
Remember GOD.

She turn'd aside the poison'd dart
That lurking mischief sought to aim ;
When to the world my trusting heart
A novice came.

She kiss'd away the silent tears

That down my pallid cheek would flow,
When lowr'd upon my prime of years
The clouds of woe.

She watch'd the dim desponding look

That threw around its hopeless gloom,
When health and strength my limbs forsook
In life's gay bloom.

She hover'd round my couch of rest,

With speaking eye and noiseless tread,
And pillow'd on that noble breast
My drooping head.

She led me o'er the heathy wild,
To hear the winds of ocean sing,
When on these senses once more smil'd
The light of Spring.

She brighter makes the brightest hours
That on me shed their genial ray ;
She strews with summer's sweetest flow'rs
My Winter's day.

LINES

Written on re-visiting a beautiful Scene near the Sea-shore.

Lo ! 'tis a grey and sullen morn—thick clouds,
Gath'ring their frowns, hang o'er the eastern cliff,
Muffling the day-beam—all creation mourns
The dull eclipse, and droops in pensiveness—
All but the warbling lark, whose daring wing
Plunges aloft, eager to pierce the mists,
And hail the solar orb. Hark how his notes
Reproach the tardy day !—Shine forth thou sun
And cheer the waking earth ! disperse the fogs,
The murky vapours, that in dense array
Sweep o'er the heath, fooling the wand'rer's eye
With strange fantastic shapes that mimic truth.

And see he comes ! the beauteous monarch comes !
He bids the dusky shadows of the dawn
Melt and disperse—now does the azure sky
Laugh at his glance—now does the vermeil flow'r
Unfold its leaves, and drink his living light—
Oif then ye painted coatings of the world !
Ye gaudy vanities, that folly loves,
And wisdom spurns at ! leave my wearied soul,
(That long, *too* long hath borne your idiot reign,)
To peace and nature. Spread thy charms, fair day
Before these gazing eyes ! Thou, ocean vast !
Roll wide thy em'rald wave ! and let the gale—
The new born sea-gale, frolic round my brow !
—O scenes belov'd ! O rocks of proudest crest !
Whose caverns echo to the plaintive cry
Of solitary bittern ; o'er whose sides

The billows dash their white and foamy spray.
O scenes belov'd ! your still romantic shades,
Green wood-walks, tangled glens, and purple heaths,
This heart hath ne'er forgotten—mid the haunts,
The busy haunts of men, when pomp, and glare,
And revelry have pall'd upon my sense ;
When worldling smiles, worthless and unsincere,
Have made *me* smile in *scorn*—how has my soul
Look'd fondly back !—how have I wish'd to fly
And bathe me in your sweet Favonian gales !—
But now the time is come, when free to roam
I quit the crowded city, and repair
To sylvan dales, and rocks of awful height,
O'er whose dark brows wild freedom loves to hang
And clap her joyous wings.—Here will I read
The page of nature's charms—here humbly walk

With mild content—praising, with lowly heart,
And singleness of faith, the mighty hand
That made this goodly scene “so wond’rous fair.”

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Alas ! is this poor lock then all
That now remains of thee !
And has that form replete with grace,
For ever ceas'd to be !

And are those eyes—those beauteous eyes,
Clos'd in their last long night !
No more to weep at mis'ry's tale,
Nor roll in liquid light ?

And does that pure and noble heart,
Which Goodness made her nest,
O does it,—robb'd of all its glow—
Beneath the cold turf rest !

And must the waking flow'r of Spring

To thee exist in vain ?

Yes, yes !—for *her* the Spring's first rose

Will never bloom again.

THE SORROWS OF AGE.

As o'er the heath I musing stray'd,
A pilgrim cross'd my way ;
His back with years and care was bent,
His locks were few and grey.

This pilgrim sat him down to rest
Beneath an aged tree,
And oft he [↑]rung his wither'd hands,
And cried " Ah ! woe is me."

I ask'd why thus he feebly moan'd
When all things laugh'd around ;—
Awhile he mournful silence kept,
Then heav'd a sigh profound.

I ask'd what place he journey'd to,
He shook his hoary head—
I ask'd him where his kindred dwelt,
He cried, " they all are dead."

He told me that the darksome grave
Had clos'd o'er those he lov'd ;
That weary, old, forlorn, and poor,
On earth he friendless rov'd.

He said how weak it was in man
To wish for length of years,
For that the downward steeps of life
Were rough and dim'd by tears.

He told me that the summer wind
To him no gladness brought,
That ev'ry waking flow'r of spring
Awoke some painful thought :

The golden sun, the azure sky
To him no more were fair—
For what was joy to those who found
No heart their joy to share ?

“ Thou man of woes,” I weeping cried,
“ Hard is thy lonely fate,
“ But thou wilt find a home of rest,
“ And that no distant date.

“ And tho’ no friend with pious hand
“ Shall strew thy humble bier,
“ Yet when in death thine eye-lids close,
“ Angels will hover near.

“ And tho’ upon thy peaceful grave
“ No heart its fondness pour ;
“ Yet do not grieve, for love’s fond voice
“ The dead can hear no more.

“ The rich, the proud, the guilty great
“ Might envy thy poor sod—
“ Go,—go then from this world of sin—
“ Go, mourner—to thy God.”

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO FANCY.

Condemn'd to heave the bitter sigh,
Condemn'd to gaze with loathing eye,
On all that crowds my path of life—

O why does Fancy's kindling ray
Illume my soul with richer day

To swell the mental strife ?

Why does she spread, with glowing hand,

The colours of a brighter fate,

Whilst here forlorn and sad I stand

With cold Reality my mate ?

What tho' her fires have blaz'd to warm me,

On my dark unshelter'd way—

What tho' her song has flow'd to charm me
Many a drear, and wint'ry day—
Yet Fancy has no shield to ward
The giant ills that stalk abroad—
Yet Fancy has no pow'r to dry
The tear in pale Affliction's eye,
Or lull the throbs of wounded pride,
When friends forsake, or fools deride—
Vain are the soothings of her softest song
To him who bears the scoffings of the throng.

O world of shadows! where my mind,
Leaving each earth-born care behind,
Has soar'd beyond the ken of folly—
Or all absorb'd in languor sweet
Has sought the still and lone retreat
Of musing melancholy—

Where, attir'd in robes of light,
Hope has swam before my sight
And pointed to an airy morrow—
When the clouds that lour'd to day
Would ail disperse—and fresh as May
Would bloom the cheek of sorrow.
O world of shadows ! where Enchantment dwells,
Where Poesy her cadence swells—
O world of shadows ! hear my fond adieu !
To *real* life I turn from bliss, and you.

Unfit for *this* dull scene is he who roves
Thy primrose paths among ;
Unfit for this dull scene is he who loves
The Muse's siren song :—
For he shall shrink at every sneer
The heartless throng on him bestows,

And he shall drop the burning tear,
When Envy nips imagination's rose—
By hope misled, his dreaming breast,
Panting to gain a happier lot,
Shall seek for some sweet bourne of rest,
And wonder when he finds it not—
Shall wonder that the present hour
Wears not the bloom of Fancy's day ;
Shall wonder too that joy's fair flow'r
So soon should close its leaves, and pass away.

And often will his pensive eye
Look round for sympathy, in vain—
And often will he inly sigh,
When mingling with the vacant train,
To know, whilst there his feet are doom'd to stray,
His bosom's promis'd home is far away.

O pow'rs of Mind ! by Heav'n bestow'd
To guide us on our stormy road !
O pow'rs of Mind ! your lovely light,
But deeper makes a Greenland night
To those whom Fate condemns to live
Estrang'd from all that joy can give !
Vainly on *him* the sun of genius shines
Whose heart a lonely hermit pines.

Then Fancy go !—no more thy song
Shall pour its charms for me ;
I'll mingle with the gaudy throng
Nor lend an ear to thee—
Come ! Dulness come ! and steep my soul
In lethargy profound !
Deep would I drink of Lethe's bowl,
And rest in slumbers sound.

*THE POET'S RECANTATION;**Or, Fancy Recalled.*

And have I told thee to depart
Thou soother of my drooping heart !
And have I scorn'd thy artless song,
And turn'd to greet the selfish throng ;
And could mine eyes from thee retire
To gaze on things that fools admire ?
Return ! return—thou shalt not leave me so,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll go—
With thee I'll climb the Alpine steep,
With thee I'll sing, with thee I'll laugh and weep.

Friend of my soul ; whose ray divine
Hath oft relum'd my lamp of life !

Let but *thy* orb of beauty shine,
And I will *brave* the mental strife.
Why should I leave thy shelt'ring arms
 When vulgar folly mocks me ?
Why should I scorn thy hallow'd charms
 When vice or malice shocks me ?
Then let me grasp *again* the Lyre
 On which I wont to play !
And lend once more thy wings of fire !
That I may mount to prouder day.
Return ! return ! and with thee bring
The warmth and lustre of thy deathless Spring.

LINES,

Written near the Rocks of St. Vincent, in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

Hail, hail to the rocks in proud grandeur reposing,
Where rolls the swift current of Avon's dark tide,
And hail to the wood-walks their beauties disclosing,
That gracefully wind up the cliff's hoary side.

And hail to the bleak-heath unclothed with green,
Where springs not a primrose, and waves not a tree,
For lov'd are the wood-walks, and sacred the scene
Where the friend of my bosom has wander'd with me.

They have witness'd the converse that taught and
that charm'd me,
And made me love virtue for *her* lovely sake ;
They have witness'd the glances whose sun-shine has
warm'd me,
And made ev'ry fibre of gladness partake.

They have witness'd the kiss that her fondness imprest,
They have witness'd the smiles too that on me she threw ;
And—O they have seen—as a bird to its nest,
To the home of her arms, how I rapt'rously flew.

Then hail to the rocks in proud grandeur reposing,
Where rolls the swift current of Avon's dark tide ;
Then hail to the wood-walks their beauties disclosing,
That gracefully wind up the cliff's hoary side.

And hail to the bleak-heath uncloathed with green,
Where springs not a primrose, and waves not a tree,
Lov'd, lov'd are the wood-walks, and sacred the scene,
Where the friend of my bosom has wander'd with me.

CONSCIENCE.

An Ode, inscribed to Napoleon Buonaparte.

- “ Rise ! Spectres of the gory slain,
“ And stalk around his regal bed !
“ Haste ! ye gaunt and ghastly train,
“ To bind with thorns the murd’rer’s head !
- “ O ye wan, and shroudless number,
“ Ye that bled to swell his pow’r,
“ Start athwart his fever’d slumber,
“ In this dark and midnight hour !”—

Obedient, Lo ! the train appears—
Vengeful wrath its lance uprears—

He wakes—he wakes—his starting eye-balls glare !
Stands erect his bristling hair.

“ —Vain is thy frantic yell !

“ Dost thou *know* me ? Fiend of Hell !

“ I am Conscience—sent to roll

“ In seas of blood thy tortur'd soul.

“ —View yon band of mournful ghosts,

“ From pleasant life cut off by thee—

“ Blasting Dæmon ! see—O see !

“ The frowning shades of murder'd hosts !

“ —Hark to the dying cry

“ That swell'd thy victory !

“ Hark ! to the widow wildly groaning

“ As she lulls her babe to rest !

“ Hark to the little wretch's moaning,

“ While it grasps her meagre breast !

“ View the orphan’s tear of woe !
“ See the meek uplifted eye !
“ *That* look shall speak—that tear shall glow,
“ Before the awful Judgment-seat on high.

“ God hath mark’d thy ruffian deed—
“ God hath seen the guiltless bleed—
“ And—thou proud and plumed king !
“ He to the dust thy strength shall bring.
“ Thine the triumph, thine the pow’r—
“ But the storm, the storm will low’r—
“ Justice bares her red right arm
“ To lay thy vain presumption low—
“ Thy fortune smiles, but ’tis the calm
“ That precedes a mortal blow.
“ Time rolls on—the hour is nigh,
“ When thy guilty soul must die,

“ And when they who kiss'd affliction's rod,
“ Shall face to face behold the great and living God.”

*THE FAMISHED MOTHER.**A Ballad.*

Loud, loud blows the wind on the moor,
And chill is my path thro' the snow ;
An outcast, unfriended, and poor,
O'er the face of the wide world I go.

Hush, hush, my sweet babe !—for thy cry
Is more than my anguish can bear ;
O God ! will thy merciful eye
Not look on my frantic despair ?—

At the door of the rich man I knock'd,
For plenty was written thereon ;
But the rich man my poverty mock'd,
And tauntingly bade me begone.

Cold, cold is thy bosom, O clay !
But colder the hard heart of pride ;
No tear for the wretched have they
Who sail on prosperity's tide.

The passenger witness'd my grief,
And he told me he pitied my sigh,
But I spurn'd at his proffer'd relief,
—For lewd was the glance of his eye.

My steps by a banquet-house pass'd,
Where guests enter'd joyous and free,
I shrank at the winterly blast,—
But there was no entrance for *me*.

Thro' the night, and the storm, and the cold,
Must I and my little one roam ;
But ere many moments are told
Shall we both reach a last quiet home.

Cease, baby, thy screaming so wild !
There !—creep to this half-frozen breast—
And now will the mother and child
Lie down on the deep snows to rest.

THE REJECTED ROSE.

Take, O take that rose away !

It's blushing sweets delight not me !

“ And wherefore not, my friend—oh ! say,

“ *Why* its sweets delight not thee ?

“ I swear it is the choicest flow'r

“ That lifts the head in Flora's bow'r ;

“ All eyes adore it, and confess

“ It is the queen of loveliness.—

“ Poets sing the fragrant rose,

“ On Beauty's breast it brightly glows,

“ The noon-tide sun, the morning rays

“ On its face delight to gaze,

“ And gladly does the evening gale

“ Linger its perfume to inhale.

“ O then I pray thee, tell to me,
“ Why its sweets delight not thee ?”

Alas ! alas !—know that its bloom
Calls my fancy to the tomb—
Whene'er its fragrance comes to *me*,
My Myra in her shroud I see ;
The fatal scene once more appears—
My startled soul the Death-bell hears.—
In that hand, so lily white
(Whilst tears of anguish dim my sight)
I trembling place the rose of May,
It flushes o'er the beauteous clay—
On that breast so cold and still
Roses I strew,—the coffin fill—
The balmy sweetness floats in air,
And whispers to my heart—despair !

Take then, oh ! take that rose away !
Since ev'ry time I view its bloom,
Before me comes in pale array
The mould'ring tenant of the tomb.

AN ARABIAN ODE.

O gently breathe thou Western gale,
O'er Yemen's wide and fertile vale !
O'er Yemen's shades where transport dwells,
Where ev'ry bud with beauty swells ;
Where smiling peace delights to rove,
Where laughing echo whispers love ;—
O gently breathe ! and let thy sigh
Unclose the vi'let's purple eye ;
Lift, O lift thy trembling wing,
And round the flow'r thy freshness fling,
Brush from its leaves, with pinion light,
The cold and envious dews of night !—
'Tis done !—its petals seek the day,
And hail with sweets the morning ray—

Vi'let ! I love thy soft perfume,
Beyond the tulip's gaudy bloom ;
Thou mindest me of all the grace,
That plays around my Ora's face :
When, in the deep and verd'rous dell,
I view thy sweet retiring bell,
I seem to view *her* timid glance
Struggling with passion's warm romance,
Where coldness strives to keep the sway,
And deals out hope with coy delay.
More tempting seem'st *thou*, beauteous flow'r ;
When peeping from the forest-bow'r ;
And *she* more lovely in mine eyes,
When from my gaze she blushing flies.
Yet flow'r !—tho' rich thy odours flow—
Thou want'st her bright voluptuous glow.

O tell me, where then shall I seek
The wonders of her mantling cheek !
I'll search the deep-inshrouding grove,
To find some emblem of my Love.
Ah ! loit'ring Rose ! I spy thy blush,
The em'rald leaf betrays its flush :
Thou art the emblem of my Love,
Thou Queen of all the envious grove !
Thou hast her modesty and bloom ;
Thou hast her breath's divine perfume ;—
Here then, beneath this pine-tree's shade,
Will Hamet muse upon his Maid ;
Here will he dream he views her charms,
While absence holds her from his arms.
The gay pavilion will he fly,
And hide his care from human eye ;

Lull'd by the murmur of the floods,
And music of Arabian woods ;
And view, amidst the curtain'd gloom,
The likeness of his Ora's bloom.

THE MISERIES & CONSOLATIONS OF MAN.

Ah ! do not fix thy doating heart
On fragile things that pass away,
Man's vain delights must soon depart,
Short is their fickle day.

Thou know'st the brightest suns that rise,
Thou know'st the fairest buds that blow,
Thou know'st the blushes of the skies,
Do quickly fade and go.

And thus will all thy faithless joys
Flit from thy grasp and dimly glide ;
And thus thy fancy's gaudy toys
Flow down oblivion's tide.

Hast thou a friend ? through youth's bright snares
Together have ye safely trod,
Together do your simple pray'rs
Rise to the throne of God ?

O think thou that some sudden blast
May nip the prime of friendship's flow'r,
And ev'ry record of the past
Fade in one little hour.

Or dost thou love ? hath Beauty's smile
Beam'd on thy flinty path of care,
And did she turn from fortune's wile
Thy poverty to share ?

Fond wretch ! to-morrow's sun may rise
And find thy heart o'erwhelm'd by woe ;
On fiery wing the whirlwind flies
To lay thy branches low.

And *now* thou stand'st a blasted tree
O'er which the winds of winter rave ;
For all that made life sweet to thee
Rests in the wormy grave.

Yet do not sink ! dispel thy fears,
For always thus thou shalt not roam,
There is beyond this world of tears
A sweet and tranquil home.

Lo ! on thy rough and weary road
 There dwells an eye that never sleeps,
An eye that views each dark abode
 Where suff'ring nature weeps.

That eye beheld the storm severe
 Which burst on thy defenceless head ;
That eye has seen the silent tear
 Thy grief retir'd to shed.

Have patience yet a little space,
 And all thy sorrows will be o'er ;
Thy sun will quickly run its race,
 And wane, and be no more.

Deep in the earth's unconscious womb
Thy spirit shall its sabbath keep,
Until the day of gen'ral doom
Recal it from its sleep.

Then will a voice of mighty pow'r
Thus speak within the flashing skies,
“ This is the great, and final hour,
Rise, Child of Mis'ry, rise !

“ Come from thy narrow house of clay,
And join the number of the blest,
Lo ! I will wipe thy tears away,
And take thee to my rest.”

THE TREASURY OF THOUGHT.

Open thy stores rich treasury !

And let me taste of bliss !

To thee from giddy shoals I fly

And ev'ry care dismiss.

Open thy stores, rich treasury !

And I will silent gaze—

Marking with keen and stedfast eye,

The deeds of other days.

My soul shall view the glories bright

Of ages past away ;

Heroes of old shall start to sight

Gleaming in dread array.

Kingdoms shall raise once more their head,
That fate hath long laid low ;
Again shall live the mighty dead,
Again their triumphs glow.

Cities shall lift the stately walls
That Time hath rent and bow'd ;
Once more shall smile the gorgeous halls
Of Babylon the proud.

Minstrels shall sweep the joyous lyre
Where now the breezes swell ;
Fond love shall gentlest sighs respire,
Where now the ravens dwell.

Open thy stores !—and I will muse
On things most sweet and dear ;
And, as I watch their beauteous hues
Will shed the raptur'd tear.

O precious mine—what gems of worth
Thy bounty yields to me !
Fair splendours, vanish'd from the earth
I find again in thee !

Open thy stores !—and I will fly
Beyond the darkling grave—
And view that place of rest on high
Where dwell the just and brave.

Insatiate Death ! thy giant sway

My stubborn soul defies !

Kingdoms and worlds may pass away—

But Fancy never dies.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

'Twas yet the dawn of youth's gay hour,
E'er mild content had fled my bow'r,
Joy's rosy orb illum'd my sky,
And Fancy lit my roving eye ;
I laugh'd at danger's whisper'd threat,
With maddest hopes my vain heart beat ;
'Twas then that Prudence cross'd my way,
And often, often would she say,
“ Check thy wild course, and follow me.”

I murmur'd at her harsh command,
I would not take her offer'd hand ;
“ What” I exclaim'd, “ *already* come
“ All my best feelings to benumb ?

“ Grant to my pray’rs a short delay,
“ Oh ! call again some other day !
“ Full soon will Time my minutes steal
“ And on my forehead fix his seal—
“ Then, then cold nymph I’ll follow thee.”

She sigh’d, and went.—I dropp’d a tear,
But still pursued my mad career.
While thus I joyous skipp’d along,
I heard a soft and melting song,
Onward I bounded—for the strain
Thrill’d to my heart, and pierc’d my brain—
But Prudence stopp’d me—tho’ repell’d
Still she return’d—my steps withheld,
And mournful whisper’d, “ follow me.”

I turn'd me from her stedfast eye,
And from her presence long'd to fly—
O it was Love's voluptuous lay
Tempted my truant feet to stray ;
That o'er my cheated senses stole,
And robb'd of energy my soul :
That bade my tongue to Prudence say,
“ Thou meddling fool !—away—away !
“ I cannot,—*will* not,—follow thee.”

O'er flow'ry paths I gayly stept,
Prudence the while look'd on and wept ;
I gaz'd on Love's enchanting smile,
And doated on the gentle wile ;
'Tis not for *my* weak lips to tell
The magic of each wond'rous spell,

Which did my bosom-peace betray,
And tempted still my tongue to say
“ Prudence, I will not follow thee.”

Thus was my feeble judgment led
By all that Love, or look'd, or said ;
Thus was my raw unpractis'd youth
Deceived by falsehood—deck'd in truth,
But when I prov'd that angel smile
The worthless covering of guile—
O when my dark and vast despair,
Had found his promises were air—
Then did remorse my bosom rend—
And clasping Prudence, as my friend,
“ Lead on”—I cried, “ I'll follow *thee*.”

THE PRAYER OF MY CHILDHOOD.

How often in my childish years

As o'er the church-way path I've stray'd,
Have solemn thoughts, and tender tears,
Awhile my infant steps delay'd !

How often have I sigh'd and wept,

Whilst bending o'er the house of clay,
To think that those therein who slept,
No more would view the light of day !

No more would hear the cuckoo's note

Welcome the green return of spring,
Or warbling wood-lark tune its throat,
And sweetly in the forest sing.

Then I have thought—with sobs of woe—
If ever *I* should live to see
The lov'd and honor'd heads laid low
Of those so justly dear to me—

If I should o'er the wide world roam
An orphan child—my parents dead—
Seeking in vain a friend or home
To shield my unprotected head !

But quickly would I dry the tear
Of boding grief—and kneel to pray
That God my feeble call would hear,
Nor take my guides of youth away.

He heard—and on my dawn of life
A parent's eye-beam mildly shone ;
He would not let me meet the strife
Of this unfeeling world alone.

Sweet was the glance of waking light—
Yes—ev'ry morn to *me* seem'd fair,
That call'd me from the dreams of night,
A mother's sacred kiss to share.

O artless hours !—when ev'ry scene,
To these glad eyes, a garden smil'd—
O artless hours !—when free from spleen
I frolick'd o'er the heathy wild.

Long years have roll'd their length away
Since I, an infant, careless play'd—
Some clouds have cross'd my mental day,
And o'er my fancy thrown their shade.

Yet still a father's smile I prize
Beyond the meed of proudest bliss;
Yet still each morn I eager rise
To meet a mother's sacred kiss.

And still thro' ev'ry circling year
I lowly kneel and fervent pray
That God my humble call will hear,
Nor take my guides of youth away.

THE OAK OF THE FOREST.

Thou Oak of the Forest, whose dark branches sway
O'er the wild, lonely, paths of my weed-tangled way ;
Thou Oak of the Forest, O hear me complain
That the journey of life is a journey of pain ;
Where the pilgrim of sadness his hard burthen bears,
Where the fond child of sentiment hopes and despairs,
Where pleasures, succeeded full soon by disgust,
Remind us that man is but heir of the dust.

Ah ! would that like thee I might safely defy
All the tempests that roll o'er the world's fickle sky ;
Ah ! would that like thee, I could calmly behold
The murderous whirlwind its terrors unfold,

Could raise my firm crest to encounter the blast,
And mock at its rage as it harmlessly past !—
But never, no never, thou beautiful tree,
Shall my spirit be firm and majestic as thee.

Still, still by the cares on my bosom that crowd,
Will *its* firmness be shaken, its fortitude bow'd :
Still, still shall the frost-winds that ravaging go,
Kill the buds of my fancy, as fast as they blow ;
And still shall the dart of malignity strike,
And still shall be felt the cold look of dislike ;
For never, whilst life warms this sensitive heart,
Will pride be extinguish'd, or feeling depart.

Thou Oak of the Forest, I gaze on thy prime,
And sigh as I view thee thus tow'ring sublime ;

For thou mid thy brethren will flourishing grow,
When this bosom is cold, and this head is laid low.
In the fresh gale of Spring will thy green honours wave,
When *I* shall be dust in the mouldering grave ;
Each summer that comes will thy foliage restore,
When *I* shall be wither'd to flourish no more.

But hold ! there is hope, there is comfort for me—
Mid the darkness of sorrow rich dawnings I see.
O glimpses of rapture, that burst on my sight !
O morn that shall follow this long-during night !
O world ! where the weary shall endlessly rest !
No longer by pow'r, or hard fortune oppress.
O realms ! where my spirit shall fearlessly soar,
When the Oak of the Forest will flourish no more.

THE DREAM OF HORROR.

It was a vision dark and dread,
That came across my haunted sleep,—
E'en *now*, when all its spells are fled,
I muse upon the theme and weep.—

—On a summit bare and cold
Methought I sat in lonely woe,
List'ning the battle's din, that roll'd
O'er a valley stretch'd below.
Cries of anguish, groans of sorrow,
Mingled in the rising gale ;
Many a visage grim and pale,
Fill'd my gasping soul with horror ;

Many a fix'd, and dying eye,
Glar'd revenge and misery.
O'er the wide and wasted plain,
Thickly lay the mangled slain;
And where *beyond* I shudd'ring gaz'd
Ravag'd cities redly blaz'd.—

Was *this* my country? this my native earth?
This ruin'd land, the land that gave me birth?
“ Sweet Isle” I cried, “ and are thy honours low—
“ Has guilty France achiev'd the long-aim'd blow?
“ Yes, yes!—in death thy heroes frown—
“ Woe to the bands that mow'd them down!
“ Woe to Him of evil deed!
“ On his limbs may vultures feed,
“ For his blood may Murder thirst,
“ Who laid the flow'r of Britain's youth in dust.—

“ —Bloom no more, ye ravag’d plains !

“ Bloom not for them who lead thy sons in chains !

“ Let winter’s frown for ever low’r,

“ O’er each hill and woodland bow’r !

“ May never more the gales of freshness blow

“ O’er this land of blood and woe !

“ May the murky glooms of night,

“ May direst curse of pest, and blight,

“ Attend on those who brought my country low !”

Again the deep-mouth’d trumpet bray’d,

The war-drum beat, the shout resounded—

Once more the fiery charger neigh’d,

And o’er the trampled slain fierce bounded.

And *now* methought, the battle’s din was fled,

I gaz’d around—’twas closing day—

The night-wind whistl'd o'er the dead ;
The raven flew to seek its prey :—
Loudly beat my panting heart—
Echoed shrill my frantic scream—
I deeply groan !—I wildly start !—
I shudd'ring wake !—and find it—but a—dream.

WANDERING JESSE.

Chill blew the North-wind, the tempest was raving,
And rough were the billows that broke on the shore ;
High on the tall cliff the signals were waving,
Hoarse was the sound of the deep water's roar.

'Twas then that a fair maiden panting and weary,
Her way o'er the naked beach wildly pursued ;
Around her the prospect was cheerless and dreary,
Each moment the loud storm its fury renewed.

Cold were the rains that in torrents descended,
Bright was the gleam of the lightning that flash'd ;
The rags that hung round her but poorly defended
Her breast from the spray that tumultuously dash'd.

Now tossing her arms to the dark-heaving ocean,

These words without ceasing she loud would repeat,

“ Be smooth ye rough billows ! O still your commotion,

“ Or my gallant William I never shall meet.

“ Long months have I languish'd in want and in sorrow,

“ The hand of affliction has sorely oppress ;

“ But my Hero comes over the billows to-morrow,

“ To lull the wild throbs of this bosom to rest.

“ When the Boatswain's shrill whistle had forc'd us to sever,

“ And swiftly receded thy bark from the shore,

“ How oft did I cry—we have parted for ever—

“ To me thou art lost—I shall view thee no more.

“ But false were my fears, for behold he advances !—

“ The laurel of glory encircles his brow—

“ I meet the dark fire of his soul-piercing glances,

“ He seals on my lips of affection the vow.”—

No—wretched one ! ne’er shall thy sad eye behold
him !

Long since did he die on the blood-stained deep—
Never more in thine arms wilt thou fondly enfold
him—

He fought with the brave, with the brave does he
sleep.

’Twas wandering Jesse, whose heart-rending ditty
She nightly repeats on the wave-beaten shore.—
God help her ! the maidens all view her with pity,
And strive by their kindness her wits to restore.

But gone is the ray that once sparkled so brightly,

Ah ! Reason no more will revisit her throne !—

Still does she call on her lover—still nightly

O'er the wide beach does she wander alone.

And yet you descry not the deep look of sorrow,

That talks of the sunset of peace and of joy ;

Her cheek wears a smile at the thoughts of to-morrow,

And hope seems to dance in the beam of her eye.

Poor Maniac ! enjoy the warm dream of thy madness,

Still think that the morrow returns but to bless ;

Since reason would chase the fair morn of thy glad-
ness,

And plunge thy torn soul in the gulph of distress.

Ah ! better with wildest delirium to wander,
Than muse with remembrance on hopes that are
past ;
For *He* that on joy's vanish'd hour loves to ponder,
Shall sink in the billows—shall toss on the blast.

FADING DAY.

I gaz'd upon the summer sky,
With all its clouds of rosy dye,
I gaz'd—and bless'd with fervour true,
The hand that gave those clouds their hue.

The sea-born gale had rais'd its wing,
The bird of eve began to sing ;
O, as I wander'd o'er the wild,
How ev'ry thing with beauty smil'd !

I view'd once *more* the summer sky
Alas ! the change that met mine eye !
The ruby flush of parting day,
Had sadden'd to a leaden grey.

I watch'd the dim receding light,
The coming shades of silent night ;
I look'd, and wept—for thoughts of woe
Shot thro' my soul a bitter throe.

I mus'd upon the fatal hour
Which snatch'd away that beauteous flow'r
Whose op'ning leaves of soft perfume
Promis'd a *world* of sweets and bloom.

Methought 'twas thus her cheek's bright dye
Faded beneath my weeping eye ;
And thus that from my blasted view,
The sister of my soul withdrew.

Lo ! as I watch'd her angel face,
Death noiseless came with stealing pace ;
I saw him lift his arm of lead ;
The blow was struck !—the spirit fled !

“ Where is the eye that talk'd of bliss ?”
Where is the cheek that met my kiss ?
That lump of clay ?—it cannot be,
No trace I find resembling *thee*.

“ Yes,—yes,—the smile, the smile is there,
“ That oft has chas'd the frown of care ;
“ And still I know that half clos'd eye
“ Whose glances lit a parent's joy.

“ They bear thee to thy narrow home,
“ Whilst I am left to wildly roam ;
“ Hark—hark ! the hollow-sounding knell—
“ O dearest ! best !—a last farewell !

“ Yet once again those lips I'll seal,
“ Whence sweetest sounds were wont to steal—
“ Yet once again that hand caress,
“ Though it can give no answ'ring press.”

The curtain dropp'd—the scene was clos'd—
In earth's dark womb her limbs repos'd ;
I question'd not God's high command—
I bow'd beneath his chast'ning hand.—

*THE MANSION OF REST.**

I talk'd to my fluttering heart,
And chided its wandering ways,
I told it from Folly to part,
And husband the best of its days ;
I bade it no more to admire
The meteors that Fancy had dress'd,
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

* I have been recently informed that this little Poem appeared in a London paper politically distinguished by the name of "Statesman," as the production of Mr. Fox, during the last indisposition of that illustrious Senator. Whatever bore the image and the superscription of a Genius so enchanting and beloved, how adulterated soever the coin,

A Charmer was list'ning the while
Who caught up the tone of my lay,
“ O come then,” she cried with a smile,
“ And Friendship shall point out your way.”
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest,
“ Never more,” I exclaim'd, “ will I roam
“ In search of a Mansion of Rest.”

might for a time pass into currency ; whatever was associated in the public mind with the idea of a character so important in the history of intellect, of Britain, and of Man, at the awful and affecting crisis when every emanation of that magnificent, luminous, and beautiful understanding was to be lost to his country, could not fail of awakening an interest, and receiving a temporary value ; the pirated lines were suffered therefore to circulate under the fictitious stamp, and to feed the melancholy enthusiasm that evinced a nation's

But the sweetest of moments will fly,
Not long was my fancy beguil'd ;
And shortly I own'd, with a sigh,
That Friendship could *stab* while she smil'd—
Yes—coldly could stab the repose
Of the trusting and innocent breast,
And ev'ry fair avenue close
That led to a Mansion of Rest.

gratitude and sensibility—a nation's virtue ; and as popular taste is not very fastidious under the influence of personal affection, it seldom pauses to examine the internal evidences that cooler judgment requires in the strict discharge of the duties of the critical department.

The foregoing poetical *bagatelle* was copied from the London Journal into the " Worcester Herald," and thus the delusion was confirmed. An appropriation of this kind could spread no shade of posthumous calumny on the dis-

Love *next* urg'd my footsteps to stray
Through the wildering paths of romance,
But I started—and turn'd me away
From his bright and enamouring glance ;
For reflection had taught me to know
That the soul by *his* sorc'ry possest,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a Mansion of Rest.

tinguished genius of Mr. Fox ; and his intimate friends understood too well what was due to his dignity, to honor this notable experiment on the public credulity with the slightest notice ; but it becomes indispensably necessary for me to declare that the poem thus transferred was first published with *my* name in the Monthly Magazine for June, 1805. There is I perceive, a flimsy attempt to veil the imposture by an awkward endeavour to accommodate the verse to the closing scene of the supposed author, but in labouring to

Still in search of the phantom call'd Joy,
Stern Reason I met on my way,—
I shrunk from the beam of her eye,
Yet its lustre illumin'd my day—
“ Behold,” she exclaim'd, “ yonder grave
“ With the flow'rs of the woodland bedrest,
“ Where darkly the cypresses wave,—
“ Lo ! *that* is the Mansion of Rest.”

effect this purpose, the literary Procustes has deplorably tortured the sense of the subservient line : in other respects the plagiarism is perfectly undisguised.

GLORY'S DUPE.

Young Albert he heard the loud drums beat,
As the soldiers marched through the crowded street ;
Young Albert in haste his home forsook,
High courage flash'd in his ardent look.

“ And I too will go,” the stripling cried,
“ The strength of this arm shall now be tried,
“ I too will fly to uttermost earth
“ And fight for the land that gave me birth.’

Young Albert in red coat now was array'd,
In his hat there flaunted a bright cockade,
The banners stream'd—and the fifes play'd sweet,
As he proudly march'd thro' the crowded street.

His vain heart throb'd with a boyish joy,
But soon did it meet a cold alloy ;
For his parents stood in speechless woe,
At beholding their age's darling go.

Young Albert gaz'd on the pale, pale cheek
Of the maid he lov'd—he tried to speak—
And caught her hand—but she turn'd aside,
For her big heart heav'd with grief, and pride.

Now Glory call'd—and away he flew,—
Yet ne'er could forget that maiden true ;
Oft he the side of his comrades forsook,
To think of her last upbraiding look.

Young Albert march'd to the tented plain,
And view'd the foe with a stern disdain ;
The cannons roar'd, and the balls whizz'd by,
Yet his step was firm, and his courage high.

And now the columns of France give way !
Old England's heroes have won the day ;—
The dead and the wounded lie around,
The shouts of victory loud resound.

Young Albert he heard the joyful cry,
And slowly unclos'd his faded eye,
Feebly he lifted a dying hand,
To bless the name of his native land.

Then, then did he think of his pleasant home,
And rue the day when he wish'd to roam ;
Then, then did he think of his parent's woe,
And the Maid whose tears would vainly flow.

Young Albert he felt the gripe of death,
O heavily sobb'd his struggling breath !
One languid glance did he throw around—
Then—sigh'd his last on the cold, cold ground.

The night-wind rush'd o'er the silent plain,
And froze the wounds of the ghastly slain ;
The cold moon look'd from her wintry sky,
Then—veil'd in a cloud her frighten'd eye.

O War ! thou scourge of a guilty world !
When will thy banners of flame be furl'd ?
When wilt thou muffle thy sanguine face,
And give to repose the human race ?

*THE FALL OF THE LEAF.**An Ode.*

Ye autumn leaves that fall so fast
When sweeps along the rustling blast,
Ye autumn leaves that strew the lea,
Sad thoughts your fall awakes in me—
O emblems of the life of Man !
Whilst your faded state I scan,
I seem to view the hopes so gay
That gild awhile his little day.
I see the Loves on angel wing
That o'er his path ambrosia fling ;
I view the friendships false as fair
That round him spread their pleasing snare.

Thus the winds of Fortune blow—
And all his wither'd blossoms go—
Behold !—his gallant hopes are dead !
Friendship's glossy smiles are fled !
And love that was his bosom's boast
Droops—of its former self the Ghost.—
Time (that scathes the sweetest flow'r),
Steals the rose from pleasure's bow'r ;
All the hopes on life that beam,
Fly as the shadows of a dream :
Dearest friendships youth can make
Fate, or accident may break,
Yet weep not Man ! thou child of sorrow !
For thee there is a brighter morrow ;
Unmov'd, pursue thy stormy way,
Nor mourn at pleasure's pale decay ;

Let blights arise !—let tempests rave—

There is a world beyond the grave.

*THE STORM KING.**A Fragment.*

Portentous clouds were rolling o'er
A bleak December sky ;
The waves with hoarse and sullen roar,
Ran mountains high ;
When from the deep there sudden rose
A form of Giant height——
And *now* more fierce the tempest blows,
More dark becomes the night !—
The wizard spake——his mighty voice
Was heard in Ocean's widest cave ;
“ Rejoice,” he yell'd——“ my sons rejoice !
“ To night the Mariner shall meet a wat'ry grave.”

The subject-spirits heard the cry
That shook the deep, that pierc'd the sky,
 And flew to meet their king;
The Storm-King hail'd the fiendish train,
And now across the boiling main
 He swept his dreadful wing.

* * * * *

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

How shall I feel when o'er this trembling head
The storm hath burst ?—Where shall I bend my steps
When all I love lies buried in the Tomb ?—
(O tide of Ruin which o'er this poor heart
Must one day sweep !)—how shall I bear to view
The ev'ning sun-beams shining on the grave
Where sleeps my bosom's friend ?—how bear to greet
The song of birds, which *she* can hear no more ?
How bear to see the sweet returning spring
No longer smile for her—Thou Pow'r unseen !
Almighty Parent !—whose all-bounteous hand
Binds up the broken heart—Oh ! hear my call
And rouse my drooping Spirit—let thy word

As with a trumpet wake my coward soul
From mortal terrors—nerv'd by Thee my God
This heart shall patient wait, and firmly bear
Its hour of trial—nerv'd by Thee my God
Shall see each blessing go, that o'er life's road
Hath cast a lustre—When that moment comes
Which Grief contemplates thro' bedimmed tears
(That moment when the cold and darksome grave
Inwraps the form I worship)—nerv'd by Thee
Shall feel itself alone on this wide earth,
Yet bear to live.

THE DEATH OF BRUNSWICK.

“ They rush like the rushings of many waters, but God shall rebuke them, and they shall fly far off; and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountain before the wind; and like the down of the thistle before the whirlwind.”

Rest, noble old Chief! in thy dark bed of clay,
From the tempests that howl'd o'er the close of thy day!
O sound be thy sleep in the womb of the grave,
That sheltering home of the prince, and the slave;
Low pillow'd in dust, may thy head find repose,
And thy bosom forget all its wrongs and its woes;
Nor e'er may thy spirit look back on the strife
That blacken'd with tempests thy sunset of life;
Or know that thy relics far distant remain
From the tomb where thy fathers for ages have lain.*

* When permission was asked of Buonaparte to deposit the remains of the Duke in the vault of his Ancestors, it was inhumanly refused.

—Lo ! the red wing of Ravage is broadly unfurl'd,
And over thy Country its fury is hurl'd ;
The spoiler inhabits the land of thy birth,
Its captains and rulers he treads to the earth ;
The cold rains descend, and the winter-winds rave
O'er the mangled remains of the young and the brave.
Ah ! happy wert thou to escape from the flood,
That buries the home of thy fathers in blood !
Ah ! happy to close in oblivion thine eye,
When it saw the last ray of thy liberty die !
When the foe o'er thy fields as an ocean-wave past,
And their banners of victory stream'd on the blast !
—Still, still does the hoarse-tempest yell from afar,
Still rush o'er the nations the blood-hounds of war—
But no matter to thee *when* their barking shall cease,
For *thy* journey is ended, thy soul is at peace :

Nor the rude shout of triumph, the shriek of dismay,
Can pierce thro' the veil of thy "dark bed of clay."
Serene shalt thou slumber beneath the cold sod,
Till arous'd by the voice of thy Father and God ;
Then, then wilt thou rise from thy chamber of gloom,
And then will the spoiler receive his dark doom :
The wide-wasting Demon of murder and lust
From his height shall be torn, from his station be thrust.
Lo ! the Great One shall utter his terrible CURSE,
And the TRIBES of the guilty shall quickly disperse.
Not an atom shall live—not a trace shall remain
Of the scoffer who trampled the breasts of the slain.
The robber of nations, the scourge of the world,
Down, down to the uttermost hell shall be hurl'd.
While the just man, who wander'd a pilgrim forlorn,
Shall live evermore in the light of the Morn.

DAYS OF YORE.

It is a mournful thing to sit
And muse on days gone by,
And vanish'd forms that never more
On earth can meet the eye.

Yes—'tis indeed most sad to think
Of seasons past and fled,
Of early friends that ruthless Time
Hath number'd with the dead ;

Of vivid hopes whose beauteous hues
Have faded from the mind ;
Like rainbows of an April sky
That leave no trace behind.

Of ardent loves whose halcyon spring
Will ne'er return again,
And suns of joy whose rosy orbs
Have sunk into the Main.

Yet weep not mortal ! tho' thy hopes
Like shadows pass away,
Tho' all thy soul deplores the loss
Of rapture's fervid ray.

Tho' fickle Love's luxurious pulse
No longer beats for thee,
Tho' ev'ry friend of early youth
Has long since ceas'd to be.

Yet bear—O bear thy load of woe !

And onward fearless roam,

With firmness meet the ills of life—

This world is not thy home.

POOR ISABEL.

Keen blows the wind—I am naked and weary—
O'er the wide world do I wander forlorn ;—
Pity me strangers,—my path it is dreary,
Full oft am I wounded by many a thorn.

The sky for my roof, and a stone for my pillow,
In the damp streets do I nightly remain ;
Toss'd on the tempests of life's angry billow,
Poor Isabel surely has cause to complain.

No tongue speaks to her in the language of feeling,
No cheek wears the warm sunny grace of a smile,
O'er her bosom the ice of despair is fast stealing,
Nought—nought can her soul's heavy anguish
beguile.

Be hush'd for a moment ye blasts of December—
And let the sad pray'rs of an outcast arise ;
Let the rich and the happy my sorrows remember,
And banish the tear from my lustreless eyes.

Those eyes were once fam'd for their sparkling and
beauty ;
How oft have I heard they were bright as the sun !
But Isabel wander'd from honour and duty,
She listen'd, she trusted, and, oh ! was undone.—

Now, worn by disease, and the victim of sorrow,
I call upon death to alleviate my woe,
Unknowing what fate has reserv'd for the morrow,
Impatient I wait for the finishing blow.

Ye Maidens so rich in the spring-tide of beauty,
O ye! who are lovely, and virtuous as fair,
Gaze, gaze on this cheek when ye 're wand'ring from
duty,

This cheek so impress'd with the signet of care.

(Nay, doubt not,) it once was the throne of the Graces,
It once blaz'd with colours as bright as your own,
But mis'ry has left there her eloquent traces,
The tinges of health and of virtue are flown.

Now slumb'ring on down in the mansions of gladness,
Behold the gay vulture that ruin'd my bloom,
He sleeps--while these senses are verging to madness--
But patience!--for GOD will irradiate my gloom.

Ye rains that descend, and ye thunders that mutter,
Let fall your wild wrath on this shelterless head !
No sigh shall escape, no complaint will I utter,
The spirit of anger and murm'ring is dead.

This heart seems to warn me its journey is ended—
The cold gale of death o'er my palsied frame
sweeps—
The pulses of life, and of pain, seem suspended—
How slow through its channels the lagging blood
creeps !—

O Father of mercies ! thy hand will receive me !
The glories of God on my soul shall arise—
And, perchance, even those who refus'd to relieve me,
May then drop a tear where poor Isabel lies.

*STANZAS,**Written in early Spring.*

Again the young awaking year
Starts from Winter's cold embrace,
Bursting from his iron grasp,
Once more she shows her timid face.

Retire, retire ! thou ling'ring blast
That o'er the heath still lov'st to mutter,
Begone ! thy boist'rous reign is past,
Dare not thy hoarse complaints to utter.

Breeze of the glowing south approach,
All thy life, and sweetness bring ;
Soft stealing o'er the sunny plain,
Come woo thy love,—the gentle Spring !

Where lags thy pinion tardy gale,
In what lone cavern dost thou slumber ?
What far-off hill, what myrtle vale
Delights thy balmy sighs to number ?

Already has thy blushing love
Cloath'd her fair form in tend'rest green,
E'en now her graceful footsteps glide
O'er rocky Avon's woodland scene.

Hark, hark !—she summons *me* away,
She beckons from the thymy mountain ;
Tells me to hail the infant day,
The peeping flow'r, the gushing fountain !

Fly then ! ye sluggish dreams of night,

No longer shall ye keep me here ;

I go—to hail the birth of day,

I rise—to greet the vernal year.

LINES,

*On hearing a Blackbird singing over a grave in the
Church-yard of *****.*

Sweet bird ! that pour'st the melting note

O'er those that sleep in clay—

O strain no more thy little throat !

They cannot hear thy tuneful lay.

The blandest note, the sweetest strain,

To Death's cold ear returns in vain :

No sound can reach, no sound can wake

The hearts that rest below,

Until the final morn doth break

And the last trump doth blow.

Yet *once* those hearts with feeling glow'd,

The rosy life-blood ebb'd and flow'd—

Yes !—once the dust that moulders here,
Throbb'd, like me, with joy and fear ;
The skies that smile, the birds that sing,
The flow'rs that blush, the breath of spring,
The various charms of herb and tree,
Were felt by them, as now they're felt by me.—

—— I too shall live my chequer'd day,
Shall view awhile the light and pass away :
I too like them shall reach the silent tomb,
And soundly sleep within that darksome womb ;
The bird of eve, the lark with matin strain,
Will pour for me their warbled chaunts in vain.

O doom severe of miserable man !—

But hush, my troubled soul ! nor dare to sigh

At Heaven's immutable decree.

There is a blessed world beyond the sky—

And O that blessed world will bloom for thee.

*THE GRIEF OF ARMIN.**Imitated from Ossian.**

Alone, on the wave-beaten shore,
My daughter was heard to complain;
Mid the deep water's turbulent roar
I heard the sad accents of pain.

* Alone, on the seat-beat rock my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries—what could her father do? I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries—Loud was the wind, the rain beat hard on the hill.—Before morning appeared her voice was weak—it died away like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks.—Spent with grief she expired; and left thee Armin alone.—Gone is my strength in war! fallen is my pride among women!—When the storms aloft arise—when the North lifts the wave on high—I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock.—Often, by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children—half-viewless they walk in mournful conference together—I am sad, oh Cormor! nor small is my cause of woe.

Songs of Selma.

All night did the moon's pallid beam
Give her form to my wild-gazing eye ;
And oft did her agonized scream
To my fruitless bewailings reply.

Loud, loud blew the tempest of night,
And hard beat the rain on the hill ;
When morning return'd with her light,
The voice of my daughter was still.

Like evening's faint breeze it retir'd,
That waves the tall grass o'er the stone ;
Spent with anguish, my Daura expir'd,
And left thee O Armin alone.

Now gone is my strength in the field,
And-fallen 'midst women my pride ;
Farewell to my echoing shield !
Never more shall it gleam at my side.

When hoarsely the winter-winds roar,
When the North lifts the billows on high,
I sit by the deep-sounding shore,
And the ghosts of my children descry.

Half viewless, they steal on my sight,
They walk on the moon-brighten'd wave ;
Oft, mix'd with the breezes of night,
Comes the voice of the fair, and the brave.

Ah ! gaze on *his* grief-stricken face
Who wanders dejected and slow—
'Tis Armin—the last of his race—
Nor small is the cause of his woe.

*TO POVERTY.**A Fragment.*

Thou that prompt'st the groan of woe,
And bid'st the tear of anguish flow—
Baleful cause of many a care,
That hapless Man is doom'd to bear—
 Ah! view the pallid crowd
 By thee to mis'ry bow'd!
And let thy haggard eye, by mercy taught,
Weep at the mischiefs that thy hand hath wrought!

Mark! where pining Genius lies
By the senseless world forgot!
See him close his languid eyes
On his dark untoward lot!

In vain,—in vain does fancy's rose
Bloom within his sunny mind ;
The nipping gale of famine blows—
No shelter can the son of Genius find.

Will none then lift his fainting spirit
Above the clouds of woe ?
Will no one foster drooping merit
When bitter frost-winds blow ?
Ah ! none !—the produce of his manly lay
Is cold neglect—pale Fashion turns away—
In vain, alas ! the Doric notes allure !
For he that wakes them is unknown and—poor.

Go—child of sadness, to thy grave !
Leave this rude unfeeling scene !

Where crimson'd Pride, with bloated mien,
Looks down upon the man of worth.
Go—sleep within thy parent earth!
Then may the storms of fate unheeded rave.

FRAGMENT.

—I gaz'd upon the lonely shore
And sat me down to weep;
I heard the billow's distant roar,
I heard the blast of night across the waters sweep;
The sea-mew scream'd, the storm roll'd on,
The thunder-claps were loud and deep;
The light'ning warn'd me to begone,
Yet still I linger'd there to muse and weep.
—When lo! “a sudden joy came o'er my heart!”
(Ne'er shall I lose remembrance of that hour!)
I felt devotion's chaste and lofty pow'r;
I felt all low and grov'ling thoughts depart—
My soul ascended to the throne
Of him who makes the whirlwind blow;

My thoughts assum'd a firmer tone,
My soul shook off its cumb'rous load of woe ;
——Amid the tempest strife
I heard a voice that bade me weep no more ;
I look'd beyond this shadowy dream of life,
And quickly all my vain regrets were o'er.

FRAGMENT.

Thou silver Moon ! whose tender light,
Steals o'er the solemn brow of night,
 Sad is to me thy ray !—
For O, when gaudy day declines,
And stillness comes—its lustre shines
 On Myra's house of clay.

E'en now thy wand'ring glance beholds
The sod which that pale form infolds,
 That cold, and still doth lie ;
E'en now around her lonely grave
Thou see'st the tall-grass gently wave
 As night-winds rustle by.

Ah ! did'st thou know, sweet Moon ! what worth
Is shrouded in that mound of earth,

Thou'd gaze *for ever* there—
She had the best—the rarest mind !—
In all *this* world thou wilt not find .

A Maid so good, and fair.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 10, Line 11, for '*its*,' read *the*.

.... 34, 5, for '*desponding*,' read *despondent*.

Bristol: Printed at the Mirror-Office,
By C. A. HOLL.

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